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## ART IN BOSTON.

the "Graziella," by Lefebvre, in the Catharine Wolfe collection, a fine De Neuville: "Trumpeter of Chasseurs-à-pied at Rest;" Knaus's "Maid of Ischia," a "Zither Player," by Defregger; Detaille's "Horse Guards of England," with one prominent figure in the foreground and other figures in the middle distance; Gérôme's "Arrival of the Caravan," Rosa Bonheur's "Return from the Horse Fair"—a man on a tan-colored horse leading a white horse; Hector Leroux's "Roman Senator Praying to the God of Fever," Couture's "Pierrot before the Correctional"—a variation of "The Trial of Pierrot;" a striking Huguet (59 x 42), representing a Hawking Party, very much like a Fromentin; "The Old Witch," with uncanny surroundings, up in a belfry, looking down upon the city of Florence; "The Captives," by Luminais, representing two beautiful nude women tied to the tails of their captors' horses; that admirable example of Pasini—an upright canvas (42 x 52) crowded with mounted Arabs—"The Meeting of the Chieftains Metualis in the Mountains of Lebanon." Among the few American pictures are "The Proposal," by Jules Stewart, and "Sunset in New York Harbor," by Edward Moran. Besides his fine house in Walnut Street, below Broad, Mr. Haseltine has a country residence near Jenkintown, and his now quite large collection of pictures will be distributed between the two places. As to the enormous canvas by Munkacsy, "Christ before Pilate," it is not improbable that before long we shall hear of its presentation to the Pennsylvania Museum of Fine Arts.

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It is evident from the Union League Club's admirable November exhibition there is to be no falling off from the very high standard of excellence maintained by the committee last winter. Mr. William H. Payne is again chairman, and Mr. George F. Crane is secretary. Among the notable canvases were "Le Parlementaire," by De Neuville, showing a flag-of-truce party of German officers, blindfolded and with a French escort, entering a bombarded village, and running the gauntlet of the infuriated inhabitants; "At the Farm," a large solidly painted picture, by Julien Dupré, of oxen fed by a woman, who is pouring the contents of a pail into a feeding trough; and "The Turkey Pasture," by the late George Fuller, which does impress one much in such superior company as Millet's "Churner," Daubigny's "Morning on the Oise," H. Lerolle's "Peasants Harvesting" and "Nightfall"—among the best examples of that delightful painter in this country—Trovon's "Return from the Pasture," Rousseau's sketchy but masterly "Forest Interior," and "The Oak Charlemagne," by Corot. Messrs. Coffin, Van Borkerck, Wiggins and F. C. & H. Bolton Jones represented the American art.

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SHADES of Rousseau and Diaz! Watelin, the landscape painter, finds it necessary to write to *Le Temps*, to denounce a proposed mutilation of the forest of Fontainebleau by running macadamized roads through it.

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In the Parisian journal, "Gil Blas," Paul de Katow has some entertaining gossip about certain female models who have posed for French painters of our time. Chief among them, perhaps, is Sidonie, who, it is curious to learn, served for all the figures of Baudry's decorations of the Opera House, male and female, without exception. She is noted for her suppleness, her white skin and black hair, the first quality rendering her particularly useful to Baudry, who could not get on without her; the others to Henner, with whom she has been just as much of a favorite. She is to be recognized in many "Henner's" in American collections. Sidonie is not avaricious. Baudry paid her, at first, ten francs per day, but his funds running low, he proposed that she take five francs daily in cash and let the remainder accumulate until the work was finished. She consented; Baudry gave regularly the interest of what he owed her, but died without paying her, and without leaving any account of his indebtedness. Having thus lost at once her employment and her savings, Sidonie was reduced to beg the assistance of the artists whom she had often obliged in her day, and they came promptly to her relief. She got together quite a little collection of pictures, which sold for enough to keep the wolf from her door as long as she lives. Henner's present alone, brought—from Arnold & Tripp—2000 francs. She is now, at twenty-five, the owner of a little one-story house near the Buttes-Chaumont, where she keeps goats and chickens, and sells milk and eggs.

MONTEZUMA.

EVERY new statue must be an "Aunt Sally" for the first few months of its public exposure, and Miss Anne Whitney's beautiful bronze, set up in commemoration of the early Norse discoverers of America, is now passing through that bad quarter of an hour of its existence. I shied my critical sticks at it in these columns when it was first completed in the plaster, so I have only compliments and congratulations to offer now that it is in bright bronze, and stands aloft in the open sunlight at the forks of two of the magnificent new avenues by which the Back Bay district is expanding into the new West End. It is a mighty pretty object there, say what you will about the artist's conception of what a tenth century Viking must have been like, and what were his clothes, armor, and habits as regards shaving. Everybody has said, as I did, that a Viking of course had a beard. But perhaps this archæological conviction has no more substantial basis than the visions of northern knights in Richard Wagner's operas, although the poet, who dressed these heroes with the utmost minutiae of detail, was a scholar in the same lore as gives this real discoverer of America so tardily to the modern world, and it would have been tolerably safe to follow his example as to beard. However, the sculptor has her own vision doubtless to work out, and if she deemed it necessary to her ideal to have her god-like youth beardless, why, she was right to persist in that prepossession, and disregard a multitude of counsels to the contrary. "Vex not thou the poet's mind," shouted Alfred Tennyson in his younger days; "thou canst never fathom it." Time has proved over and over again in most distinguished instances that contemporary criticism "is an ass." If Miss Whitney had given Leif knobby high cheek-bones and a sharp turned-up nose, with broad nostrils, it would have pleased some people better, it appears. These critics evidently believe they know what the pre-historic Iclander was like from observing the emigrants from the Scandinavian lands arriving at Castle Garden. But who shall say what the typical countenance of a race was under pre-historic conditions? According to the poetic chronicles which the best authorities in early Norse literature at the great universities of England and Germany pronounce as authentic as any history ever written, and which furnished the inspiration for this work of art, the Icelanders were in the flower of a superior civilization, while all Northern Europe was still virtually barbarian and the whole continent was struggling in the violence of the Dark Ages. Why not, then, make this youthful leader of a superior civilization beautiful instead of shaggy and repulsive? It is possible that the artist has thought longer and deeper, and looked ahead farther for her statue, than these critics who are so ready and capable to tell her at first glance that she is wrong. As to the pattern of his shirt of armor and the close fit of his skin leggings, with which contemporary criticism has also busied itself, the artist has certainly chosen details that have intrinsic beauty, and harmonize with one another and with her ideal as a whole. The whole monument, with the young figure's graceful, animated pose—planted firmly on its legs, as the hero looks out upon a new and exciting scene, under a hand and arm raised to shield his eyes from the sun—and the prow and stern of a Viking's galley rising before and behind the pedestal sculptured in an unknown alphabet, is charming, unique, and characteristic, piquing the mind with a fresh and alluring subject for contemplation and fancy, which is more than can be said of most statues and monuments. As it was that noble philanthropist and patriot, Olé Bull, who initiated the movement for this monument and laid the foundation of the fund for it with his own efforts, so it is Mrs. Olé Bull, his widow, who has finally carried it through to triumph. A long procession of Scandinavians, with flags and banners and uniforms of strange device, again suggesting Wagnerian myth and music-drama, stretched through Commonwealth Avenue at the dedication, and in chorus sang to flutes and fiddles some characteristic ballad written for the occasion by one of the great Scandinavian composers of the day.

Very different is Mr. Donoghue's statue just completed, also in heroic size, of "The Boxer," alias John L. Sullivan. There need be no discussion as to whether this figure is costumed correctly, for the man stands "in puris naturalibus;" but as there can be no question that it is "John L." and nobody else, this costume is a little startling and embarrassing, and will doubtless provoke fully as much remark as that of Miss Whitney's

Viking. At the very opposite pole of art, as it would itself doubtless insist on being classified, from Miss Whitney's ideal statue, the Boxer is Realism itself. It is a perfect reproduction of the mere athlete—and a very low-born one at that—and nothing more. There is not an idea—to say nothing of ideal—about it; at least nothing further than that this man, when he raises the massive fists hanging doubled near either thick thigh, and launches these battering-rams at you with the force of that immense torso and the spring of those abdominal muscle-plates, will knock you out, and nothing could save you. As a towering mass of muscular anatomy, as a picture and memorial of unrelieved physique, without mental motive or emotion of any kind, it is doubtless what Mr. William Winter would call an "authentic" portrayal of its base subject. But it raises in the spectator only the regret that so much talent has been employed so long on what was so little worth doing. Mr. Donoghue's "Young Sophocles" and "Hunting Nymph" are happily to be brought together to sweeten the exhibition of this monster of muscle, and give the clever young artist some chance for the good opinion of Boston.

A beautiful collection of Greek terra-cotta figures—to go from big things to little ones—has just been added to the catholic and comprehensive exhibition of Greek art at our Museum of Fine Arts, so brilliantly contrasting with the dreary mass and monotony of that in your Cyprianotic Metropolitan Museum. These figures were selected from the Berlin Museum by Mr. Edward Robinson, curator of classical antiquities of the Boston Museum, and have been bought and given to the Museum by Mr. Martin Brimmer. They are of the style commonly called "Tanagra," from the name of the Boeotian village where the first or most important of the finds of these precious and intimate memorials of Greek life, society, and art was made some ten years ago. I believe there are a dozen or so clumsy reproductions of these figurines permitted to be seen at your museum—an oasis in the ranks of Cesnola pottery—but our museum already has the well-known Appleton collection of Tanagra figures, and to these are now added the twenty-nine exquisite figures from Myrina, another little town, but across the Aegean Sea, on the coast of Asia Minor, north of Smyrna. Here have been found almost as many of the lively little terra-cottas as at Tanagra, and of quite as fine an artistic character. It appears from Mr. Robinson's account that it was not until 1870 that Myrina's buried riches were at all suspected, and not until 1880-82 that these figurines were turned up, through the enterprising prospecting of the French Archæological School at Athens. They were found chiefly in the ancient cemetery of the town, the five thousand graves of which yielded some fifteen hundred of these beautiful objects, seven hundred of them being now in the Louvre. Many theories have been advanced as to the significance of the burial of these figures with the dead. As Reinach reports that many of the figures were evidently intentionally broken, one fragment of a statuette being found at one end of a grave and the other half of it at the other end, Mr. Robinson, whose study of such subjects has been carried on in Greece as well as in European museums, advances a theory that the figures found in Greek graves were more associated with the friends of the deceased than with the deceased himself—that is, that they were objects which had belonged to his friends, and were sacrificed thus as a token of the sacrifice his loss was to them. As the charming things were not the work of great artists but of common potters, they show, too, how the artistic impulse pervaded even the humblest classes among the Greeks, as also the capacity to prize and cherish artistic objects. Among the twenty-nine specimens of Mr. Brimmer's gift are several forms of Aphrodite in the archaic forms worshipped as household gods, two of winged Nikés, flying cupids, dancing satyrs, women in graceful drapery, and several almost modern-looking mothers holding children in their arms. Two are very singular, having movable arms, like those of a jointed doll.

The most notable of recent exhibitions has been that with which the St. Botolph Club opened its new house. It comprised many precious and costly French, Spanish, and Italian paintings, together with a couple of new portraits by Sargent, one of which was an odd sketch of Robert Louis Stevenson, full of character and truth, say those who know him. It represented him sitting in a low wicker chair, with his long legs and his long fingers waving in the air, so to speak, and a quizzical smile on his speaking face, as though he enjoyed the artist's prank



to the full. Fortunate is the possessor—a Boston banker—of this intimate memorial of a delightful acquaintanceship. Another interesting exhibition has been that of a multitudinous collection of Millet's paintings, sketches, and charcoal memoranda photographed by Braun. It brought one very close to the peasant painter, his methods of work and his habits of observation and thought. Mr. A. H. Bicknell, the painter, has been holding an exhibition of etchings to which he must have been devoting the most of his time of late years. He has secured a wonderful mastery of painting effects in black and white, and this work of his must have a permanent value. Miss Ellen Robbins has on exhibition a superb collection of water-color flower pictures. But her water-colors in this genre do not impress one with the strength and power of her handling in oil painting of foliage and blossoms, nor with the daring and originality of her composition for decorative effect.

GRETA.

## The Cabinet.

ABOUT SNUFF-BOTTLES.



TO a person about to become a collector of art objects from the extreme East, we would say by all means begin with a collection of snuff-bottles. When one knows the snuff-bottle thoroughly, he may be considered furnished at all points with the knowledge necessary to an amateur, whether of porcelains, crystals, jades, agates, or other hard stones, or any of the multifarious materials of which snuff-bottles are made. This variety of material affords one of the main reasons for studying these small objects. The variety of workmanship and of design displayed in them is almost as great, and is another consideration in their favor. Their size makes it possible to have a comprehensive collection in a small space, and last, though not least, the moderate sum for which such a collection can be formed is to be taken into account.

There is not much fraud in snuff-bottles. As a rule, their prices would not warrant it. Then, they are so easily handled and examined that the most careless buyer is little likely to overlook any crack or flaw, still less, if he has any knowledge at all, a deliberate attempt at deception. Nevertheless, some of the customary misrepresentations are occasionally made by ignorant or unprincipled dealers, who may, for instance, claim that a porcelain snuff-bottle dates from the Ming dynasty, although that dynasty ceased to reign before the use of tobacco in any form was introduced in the East. The earliest date assignable is that of the Kang-he dynasty, beginning about the middle of the seventeenth century although, of course, small bottles of earlier date, manufactured for other uses, may have found their way into collections of snuff-bottles. Such small bottles will usually be found to be of a shape quite different from the flattened, lenticular shape affected in most snuff-bottles.

The oldest snuff-bottles are of hard stones, such as crystal, carnelian, agate and jade; and of these, the oldest are distinguished by the absence of wrought decoration, the selection of particularly fine specimens of the stones made use of, and the thinness to which the material is brought by hollowing out the interior with diamond dust. Chinese patience and lavishness of mechanical labor is shown especially in the shoulders of the piece being as thin as elsewhere, as is easily perceived by moving about the little ivory spoons or dippers with which many snuff-bottles are supplied. Modern imitators in Germany and France rarely take the trouble to finish their work in the Chinese manner, nor would it pay them to do so. The German agates, also, are much inferior in beauty to the Chinese, who have in the mountains of the province of Yunnan, the richest deposits of the semi-precious stones in the world.

Still less likely to be imitated to any deceptive degree are the somewhat later specimens in which the natural accidents of color have been taken advantage of by the workman to bring out in relief on the surface of the bottle pictures of animals or plants, or sometimes a little landscape. Bottles of this sort, in which beauty of material, artistic design, and finished workmanship concur, bring the highest prices, sometimes as much as \$500 for a single piece. The designs are extremely various. A bottle in Mr. R. E. Moore's collection is of semi-trans-

parent yellowish agate, which had irregular couches of black, much larger on one side than on the other. The artist ornamented it with a design of storks, some on the ground, some flying; those on the one side being wrought entirely out of the black, those on the other in the white, minute specks of black being reserved for the eyes. A design which is often repeated with variations is that of the "Hand of Buddha," a peculiar root so called because of its resemblance to a closed human hand. Mr. Moore has two specimens of this form in aventurine, both ornamented with little figures of bats—the Chinese symbol for happiness. Heart-shaped, leaf-shaped and peach-shaped bottles in agate, jade and crystal are to be met with, and they are usually beautifully carved. The jades most affected are the milky white variety, and the crystalline form marked with bright green spots known by scientists as "jadeite." Sometimes a very fine specimen of jade is allowed to remain in the natural form, retaining even a

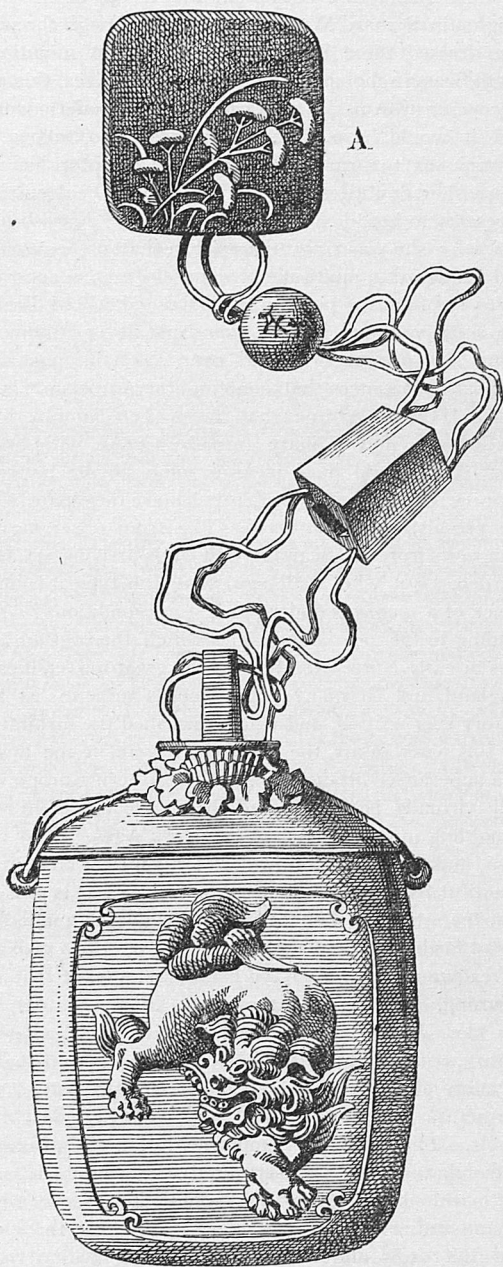
ed. Carnelian, jasper and sard are sometimes used, and amber, usually left in the rough.

Apparently, the earliest attempts to use artificially produced matters for snuff-bottles were confined to imitations of wrought agates in glass of several superposed colors. At times these imitations come nearer to the natural stone than the famous pieces of Roman glass which were long supposed to be the "murrhine" vases of the ancients. But, as a rule, the workman gave a free rein to his fancy, and overlaid colorless glass with couches of ruby, black, pink, yellow and other colors, out of which he wrought the most surprising animals and vegetables: a rose-pink cat and black parrot on one side of a vase, and a blue tree with a transparent dog beneath it being a combination scarcely more fantastical than ordinary.

Porcelain bottles intended to hold snuff are generally of the Kang-he and Kien-long periods. The paste, except in the oldest pieces, is apt to be rather soft and brittle. They will not stand as rough usage as the true Ming porcelains. But what a glorious variety of ornamentation they are made to bear! Every class of glaze, crackle, under-glaze and over-glaze painting, relief and incised decoration are to be had. Some of the older white pieces are decorated with very high reliefs, mostly of Buddhistic subjects. These bottles have usually a double shell, the outer being wrought in an open-work reticulated pattern with sunken medallions bearing groups of saints in relief. A yet finer quality of paste is shown in some of the incised examples, and when modelling in relief and incision are both used, the finest quality of paste appears to have been employed. Blue and white, and the old "seven colors," purple, red, green, blue, black, brown and yellow, under-glaze, are rarely found on pieces evidently intended for snuff-bottles. The little rouleaus and gourd-shaped or vase-shaped bottles on which they occur were probably made for scent-bottles, and before the habit of taking snuff had become general. The most recent snuff-bottles with which the collector will concern himself, but among the very prettiest and most interesting, are those decorated in many colors over the glaze. The drawing is almost always of extreme delicacy, the composition striking and effective, the colors of the brightest, but combined with thorough knowledge of the laws of harmony. The subjects are commonly drawn from popular tales and legends, a favorite one being the intervention of a heavenly messenger between combatants either on foot or on horseback. The Emperor or some high dignitary is ordinarily shown looking on, and the background is of fantastic rocks, trees and clouds.

The prices of snuff-bottles vary a good deal, but quite a large and representative collection may be formed for the price of a single large piece of some fashionable solid color porcelain. Jades and agates come the highest. We have spoken of an agate snuff-bottle for which £100 had been paid at auction in London. The same bottle was afterward bought for \$100 by Mr. Heber R. Bishop, in whose collection it now is. The average price for bottles of hard stone, and for the choicest specimens of porcelain, is about \$25. Those in glass often bring as much, although they should not, for neither the artistic skill displayed in the porcelains, nor the labor necessary to carve and hollow jades and agates, is displayed in them. Good and sure enough specimens of all but the finest sorts can be obtained at bona fide auction sales for from \$3 to \$5 apiece. Carved red lacquer bottles and bottles of cloisonné enamel are unusual, and bring a little more. The stoppers are commonly of a different material from the bottles, and, as a rule, of a contrasting color. Coral, jade, green glass, crystal, and black agate are the commonest. The mountings of brass or silver are generally beautifully engraved, and are sometimes enriched with enamels or with small precious stones, rubies, emeralds and turquoises. So that the collector of snuff-bottles may, for, say, the cost of a six-inch peach-blow vase have, in a small case on his mantel-piece, specimens of every sort of porcelain and lapidary's work, of metal work, lacquer and enamel; and, with the knowledge gained in the study of these he may proceed with comparative safety to the purchase of bigger and more expensive, but hardly more beautiful, objects of Oriental art.

The illustrations given herewith show some very characteristic specimens. In the old Chinese bottle of carved sardonyx, the style of design is admirably adapted to working in any hard stone. The Chinese bottle of glass is in two layers, brown on white, the brown layer being cut into to afford the pattern. The Japanese, of porcelain, with dragon in relief in blue, is evidently an imitation



JAPANESE CARVED IVORY SNUFF-BOTTLE.

(THE PART MARKED A IS OF BRONZE.)

part of the matrix, but beautifully polished. Jades are perhaps best distinguished by their texture. That of ordinary precious jade is waxy, that of jadeite distinctly crystalline; that of soapstone, which is sometimes passed off for jade, by the ignorant, is soapy rather than waxy. Besides this, the latter stone is easily scratched, while the jade is very hard. Some calcareous formations, which appear to be confined to the Yunnan mountains, yield a substance very nearly approaching to jade in color, texture and hardness, but different in chemical composition. Specimens of this spar, for such it is, are, however, almost as highly esteemed as the true jades which they so nearly approach in their sensible qualities.

Of crystals, the only sort much sought after by American amateurs is the pure and flawless colorless kind. In China, however, certain tints of smoky and rose-colored crystals are quite as highly esteemed. Of agates, the murrhine or spotted agates, the banded and the clear variety, with needle-like crystals of rutile, are most admir-